A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Tuesday, April 1. 1707.

I Have undertaken now a new, an unthankful, and a tedious Employment, and this is to enter upon the preſent and immediate Duty of either Nation to one another, in our new and united Capacity.

I have promis'd this Attempt a long while ſince, and I foreſaw, there would be occaſion for it; but I little thought, you would have ſo direct a Hint to it from the Throne.

Her Majeſty has been pleas'd to lay down the Theme of my Diſcourſe, and the Duty of Her united Subjects, and what is the Reſult, what the Uſe of all the Victories and Succeſſes over *French* Power abroad, and High-Flying Extravagancies at home; what the Iſſue of cruſhing a furious Party, and getting under thoſe that have rid upon the Backs of our Privileges, trod down our Properties and Laws? 'Tis nothing but *Peace*, the old Story, *Peace* and *Union*.

Not like the Nature of that Party, Inſultings, Exultations, Revenge and Returns in Kind; not like Tyrants, that when they get the better of their Subjects, double their Tyranny, and ſatiate their Fury, with the ſuppreſſing the People.

See the Difference between the Triumphs of Law and Juſtice, the Advantages legal Princes, and legally ruling Princes, take of the maſtering the Paſſions and Humours of their People, and the Triumphs of Paſſion, Pride, and the Luſt of furious Tyrants.

Her Majeſty has had a vigorous Conflict with the Follies and Madneſs of a Race of Men, that have oppos'd their own Happineſs; a long Struggle has the QUEEN had with theſe Men of Fire, and what has been the Diſpute? Truly the oddeſt that ever Nation ſaw, not as uſual in crown'd Heads, againſt their Liberty, but for it; They would

would have the QUEEN be a Tyrant, and Her Majesty won't hear of it; and on the other side, the QUEEN would have them be Freemen, enjoy their Liberties, and hand them down untouch'd to their Posterity, *and the mad Men won't.*

Was ever such a Dispute between Prince and People? Was ever such Self-denying Wretches heard of, that may live in Peace, and cry for Jarring and Discontent; that seek Feud, and covet to be always fighting with one another?

What Pity 'tis, these People cannot be ruin'd by themselves, that they cannot be try'd with their own Choice, *fill'd with their own Ways*, and rul'd with the Rod of Iron, they strive for!

'Tis pity they that Liberty despise,
Should want a Tyrant for their Exercise;
As they that scorn the Light should never see,
So they that wou'd be Slaves, shou'd ne're be free.

But to return to the Point, the QUEEN has got the better of these *Furioso's*, and they are all crush'd by the Weight of the Royal Conduct, and their own Intemperance, and what is the Consequence of this Victory? Nothing but *Peace*, *Union* and Exhortations to Love, Kindness and Acts of Tenderness one to another; intollerable Grievance! That Men should be conquer'd to their own Happiness, made to enjoy themselves and the World, made safe, easie and quiet, and all against their Wills! 'Tis a sad Sort of Bondage, I confess, and a Body wou'd fain pity them, if we knew how.

Well, let us see, Gentlemen, how Tyrants in former Times have behaved themselves after Victories over their People?

Justinian II. Emperor of the *East* was depos'd by *Leontius*, and given up to the Fury of the Rabble, who us'd him indeed hardly enough; for they *mutilated* his Nose, and banish'd him to the Pontick *Chersonesus*, where the People knowing his bloody and barbarous Reign, resolv'd to kill him——— But he made his Escape, and afterwards vanquishing, *Leontius*, obtain'd the Empire again; and how did he use the *Chersonesians*? he murther'd them, Man, Woman and Child, he sent 70000 of them to Sea, in order to be brought to him to be murther'd in his Sight; but Heaven prevented that bloody Design by a kindly Storm, in which they were all drown'd, and all his own People too.

Here's the Picture of a Tyrant! Here's the Picture of a Prince *extending the Prerogative*! Here's the Draught of a *High-Flying* King, or a *Jure Divino* Monarch!

Come, Gentlemen, let us look at home now——— The QUEEN has suffer'd all the vile Attempts of a Party, to dethrone Her Power, to question Her Title, then to push Her Majesty upon Oppressions, Violences and Persecutions of Her Subjects —— Vast Struggles and ridiculous Hopes have the Party had to obtain a Tyrant in a QUEEN abhorring the Name.

And now they have entirely lost the Day, they are conquer'd, perfectly subdu'd and reduc'd, and what is the Triumph of the Day, *Nothing but Peace*, *Union*, *Charity*, *and Kindness*?

Was ever such a Use made of Victory? What no Oppressions, no Advantages over the Victims! No, not the least; they that resisted the Nation's Peace, enjoy their equal share of it, as those that assisted in the blessed Work; nay, there is not so much as any Punishment on the guilty! What, has the Rioters in *Scotland*, what, the Wretches that took Arms to destroy our Peace——— Nothing! Nothing but to hold their Hands from Mischief, as we do with mad Men or Children, not a Criminal suffers! So far is this Government from revenging the Disorders, that even Justice is let to sleep, or wink *as it were*, at the unhappy Creatures that push themselves into its Reach.

See now, Gentlemen, the Difference between a Reign of Moderation, a Monarchy regulated by Law, and directed by the true Pole-Star of Government, the Peoples Good; and the Reins let loose to the Lusts and Ambition of Tyrants.

The soft still Voice of an *English* QUEEN is a Direction to all the People of this whole Island, when you get Advantages in Parties, in Cities, in Towns, in Kingdoms, how shall you use your Triumphs? How, but as Her Majesty uses the whole; be satisfy'd in the restoring Justice, obtaining Liberty, securing

ring Privileges, and preſerving Right and Peace, and let your Enemies ſee, you ſtrove for nothing, but what it was your Duty to claim, and thoſe to grant.

If any Gentlemen claim the Signification of this to point to their particular Caſe, be it in *Scotland* or in *England*, I am ſure, the Caution is ſo well grounded, it can do amiſs no where.

Gentlemen of *Coventry*, here's your Pattern! I heartily congratulate your Succeſs in obtaining Juſtice in Parliament, and being reſtor'd to a Freedom of Election, and the juſt Authority of Magiſtracy and civil Power in your Streets——Nor am I vain enough to aſſume a Spirit of Prophecy, when I always told you, it would end thus, for the Nature of the thing imply'd it——The Conſtitution of *England* could not have ſtood, if you had not obtain'd Redreſs; for if Tumult ſuppreſſes Magiſtracy, and the Rabble ſubdues the Civil Authority, the QUEEN has loſt the Scepter, and is nothing more than a Cypher in Government——There could have been no regular Circulation of Power, but the Machine of State would be perfectly confounded, the Gates unhing'd, and Power it ſelf be diſſolv'd into meer Confuſion and Diſorder.

'Twas no difficult Matter therefore to prophecy, that all this would end in Peace and Puniſhment, as is now come to paſs.

But give me leave, Gentlemen, to addreſs my ſelf to you now upon the general Head of the publick Good, in which you have all your Share. Now is your Time to ſhow the Spirit of Gentlemen, of *Engliſh* Men, and which is above all, of Chriſtians——You are going to let fall the Title of *Engliſh* Men, for that more general Stile of *Britains*; let this Act of Generoſity finiſh your *Engliſh* Scene.

Treat your mortify'd Neighbours with a Temper, ſhall make them blush more than their Defeat; let them ſee your Quarrel was not at their Perſons, but at the Oppreſſions which you ſuffer'd, and which, 'ris ten to one, half of them were acceſſary to, meerly by Intereſt, Obligation, or Strength of Party.

Your Liberties are recover'd, your Peace and Privileges ſecur'd, and all is ſafe; forget the Injury, forget the Feud, embrace your Neighbours with Charity and Courteſie, and *if they will accept of it* with Friendſhip; this will honour your Cauſe, vindicate your Principles, fortifie your Intereſt, convince Strangers, and confound your Enemies.

This is really the true and only juſt End of all civil Victory; Reſentment, at paſt Injury, is but the Itch of Revenge, and becomes neither the Gentleman nor the *Engliſh* Man; Reproach may live for a Week, but Generoſity grows with the Year, and laſts to Futurity; the Pleaſure of returning an Injury, is a meer Lechery of the Gall, a Guſt that is ſpent in the Act, and vaniſhes in a Moment: But the Pleaſure of forgiving an Injury, touches the Soul, and affects all that look on; for 'tis the Glory of a Man to paſs by a Matter.

If poſſible, then Gentlemen, uſe your Victory with that Temper, Modeſty, and generous Courteſie, as becomes Chriſtians, Neighbours and Friends, who are or may be miſtaken——*Remember* and *remember not*; remember what has been, to prevent its Return; but never remember it to reſent it, or to retort it; never think of it when you buy or ſell; never paſs by your Neighbour's Shop, for his being againſt you, never omit doing an Act either of Kindneſs or Charity, much leſs offer an Injury on this Account to any one.

I ſhall not deſcend to Particulars, the QUEEN Her ſelf is your Pattern, Her Majeſty has begun the Exhortation in the Affair of *Scotland*, and I ſhall purſue it on that Subject alſo; but I hope, you will neither think the Caution uſeleſs or unſeaſonable here.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

This Day is Publiſh'd,

THE *Diſſenters* vindicated; or, a ſhort View of the preſent State of the Proteſtant Religion in *Britain*, as it is now profeſs'd in the Epiſcopal-Church in *England*, the Presbyterian-Church in *Scotland*, and the Diſſenters in both. In Anſwer to ſome Reflections in Mr. *Webſter*'s two Books publiſh'd in *Scotland*. Printed in the Year, 1707. (Price 6*d*.)

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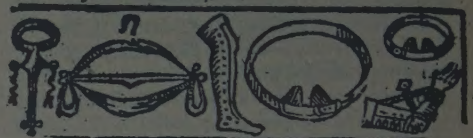
These are to give Notice.

THat *MARY KIRLEUS*, the Widow of *JOHN KIRLEUS*, Son of Dr. *THO. KIRLEUS*, a Sworn-Physician, in ordinary to King *Charles* II. Sells (rightly prepar'd) his Famous Drink and Pills; experienc'd above 50 Years to cure all Ulcers, Sores, Scabs, Itch, Scurf, Scurvies, Leprosies, Running of the Reins, and the most inveterate VENERBAL Disease, with all its attending Symptoms, without Fluxing, Confinement, or destructive Mercurial Preparations; These incomparable Medicines need no Words to express their Virtues; the many miserable Ones that have been happily cured, after given over by others, sufficiently recommend them as the most Sovereign Remedy in the World against all such Malignities: She cures many after Fluxing, and in Compassion to the distressed, will deal according to the Patient's Ability. The Drink is 2*s.* the Quart, the Pill 1*s.* the Box with Directions, and Advice *Gratis*.

†‡† *She lives at the Golden-Ball in Hand-Court, over against great Turnstile in Holborn.*



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